

THE PRUSSIAN VENDOR.

THE COUNTRY AND CUSTOMS OF A CURIOUS PEOPLE.

Three Days in the Spreewald—A Miniature Holland in Germany—A Venditor—A Bare-legged Venus—Queer Canal Life Scenes, Etc.

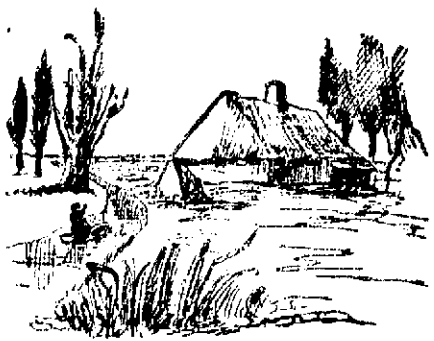
(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—In the heart of Germany, about sixty miles south of Berlin, lives one of the most curious people of Europe. Subject to the German government, dealing entirely with Germans in all their business relations, they are widely different from them in manners, customs and dress. Their country is out of the line of tourist travel. It is accessible only by the country road and canal. Few travelers know of it, and it came to my knowledge through one of my German lady acquaintances. Frau Von Sluck, a cultured lady, who comes of the best families of Germany, directed me to it. We were traveling by the shops of Unter den Linden in the direction of Der Thiergarten and had just passed Wilhelmstrasse, where Bismarck lives, when we saw a tall, strapping, good-looking nurse girl, wearing one of the most curious costumes I had ever seen. Her skirts were short, her arms were bare. She had a gayly decorated handkerchief thrown about her shoulders, and her hair was covered with a small or large handkerchief. So that the head stuck out on each side of her head like horns. As I turned to look at her Frau Von Sluck said: "She is a Vend. They make the best nurses in the world, and we have no better servants in Germany than they are."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"The Vends," replied the merchant, "are a branch of the Russian family of races. They are one of the old races of Europe, and they once owned a great part of Germany. During the fifth century they were so far advanced as the Saxons, and for a long time they were one of the great peoples of early Germany. They got along well enough with the Saxons as long as both were heathens. But as soon as the Saxons became converted to Christianity a religious war began. The Vends stuck to their own heathen religion, but they had lost Christianity conquered, and they became swallowed up in the German people. One part, however, has little changed, and this part lies within a narrow strip of two hours from Berlin. The country is known as the Spreewald, or the forest of the Spreewald river. The land is originally marshy. The

country at the rate of a \$1 a day. He procured a kahn, or one of the boats which are exclusively used in this country. It is a long, narrow, flat bottomed affair about eight inches deep. Into this he threw some hay and told me to get in and lie down at my ease. Then standing up he pushed the boat along with a pole, dodging around corners and passing other boats with all the skill of a Venetian gondolier. Horses are almost unknown in the Spreewald as in Venice, and the peasant here uses the kahn as much as the Venetian does the gondola. As we rode about through the canals of the Spreewald, I saw these boats fastened to the banks near every house, and they are used in visiting, going to weddings or funerals, and in attending to business. They are the pleasure-carriage, and the farm wagons of the country, and the scenes of farm life are fully as curious and much more picturesque than those of Holland.



A VENETIAN FARM HOUSE.

My guide was a character. He was a Vend, and a queer-looking fellow he was. His broad German cap came down over his jovial face, and he had a red. A tremendous black pipe hung between his teeth, and this quivered as though about to fall whenever his muscles swelled in pushing the kahn. His feet were bare and his clean blue pantaloons were rolled up above his knees. His white cotton shirt was open at the neck and cut short at the sleeves so that it showed as much of his person as would the devil's dress of a Washington society lady. He was about 40 years old, and was rather well to do for the country. Before we started out he took me to his home and asked me to take dinner with him. He was proud of his little house, which was of about the average size of those of the country. It was a small, one-story affair, made of wood, with a pitched roof thatched with straw. This thatch was about a foot thick, and he told me that such a roof would last thirty years. The house contained only two little rooms and a garage, reached by a ladder. His furniture was an old Dutch chest, a chair or two, a table, and a bed. He had also a bed in the kitchen, and he changed his quarters here while his wife was cooking the dinner. In this little pen this man lived with his father, mother, wife and daughter, and dressed himself well off. The women were dressed in the Venetian costume, and the daughter, a strapping girl of 20, was a Venetian Venus. Her rosy arms and feet were bare, and her red skirt coming only to the knees, did little to hide the lines of her graceful figure. Her hair was covered with a cap and covered her chest was wound a white striped handkerchief, out of which came a pair of arms of red and white, showing enough color to have been one of Italy's models. The Venetian women think it no modest to show their hair to the gaze of the public, and they cover their breast close to the neck. Their legs, however, they cover without a blush, and lead to a degree which would shock almost a Puritan belle-dancer. The eyes of this Venetian beauty were brown. Her face was rosy, plump and open. Her forehead and nose were of the Greek cast, and the curls in her hair which she wore made her beauty all the more striking. The cap was made of bright colored material, and with ends which stood out like horns, and under the cap, which covered her chest, a velvet bodice of blue and gold. This was her everyday dress. I saw afterward some Venetian girls in Sunday attire. They were much the same as the above costume, but added to them they had much jewelry and the colors were brighter and gayer.

The dresses were of the same short order, but stiffer, and the colors were adorned the face. The Sunday dresses were spread out with still skirts, and these robes the girls wore so that the girls looked much like ballet dancers.

The wine and water of my guide were of the same as the one I had seen at the house. The color was not so bright. The head of the old lady was carefully and wonderfully gotten up, and the handkerchief which covered it was as stiff as starch could make it, and had two ends which stood out like the extravagant collar of an old man at the minstrels.

The dinner was nearly ready when I came in and a moment later was upon the table. Although I had just had my dinner I did not refuse my host's invitation and I sat down with the family at the table. There were no plates, knives or forks, the only cutlery were a set of corn meal mush and a dish of lettuce. The dish was put on the table in the same pot in which it was boiled, and we ate it with iron tablespoons, each person helping himself and dipping into the pot at every mouthful. The salad was eaten in the same way. It was first a spoonful of mustard and then a spoonful of salad and so on, and when we were done both pots were clean. My host made no apology for the scantiness of the meal. It was probably his best meal of the day and he doubtless thought it good enough for any one.

The dinner over we took the kahn and began our journey. I laid myself on the hay. My guide lit his pipe and took the pushing pole in his hands and for several days we lazily moved about through the narrow canals of the Spreewald. A glorious journey it was. Now we would go through luxuriant meadows, on which the young men and women were cutting the grass and loading it on boats and pushing it along the canal with their bare arms. The women work here in the field with the men, and as a rule they have the hardest part of the work. With the green fields as a background, with the fresh skin of out of door life and their picturesque costumes they made a sight I never tired looking at. And then nature during the ride was so changeable and beautiful. The banks of the smaller canals were so near that I could almost pick flowers from them as we passed lazily along. Now we would shoot into a great forest, and for miles the trees would form a perfect arbor over us, shutting out the rays of the sun. On the plains the grass waved its long-like perfunctory into our nostrils, and the birds and insects of the forest and meadow sang a march as we pushed along. Here and there we would go by a thatched cottage, with moss, perhaps, growing on its roof and white-capped, short skirted children playing upon its canal bank, and every human soul, from the child to the old man, would sing out a cheery "Guten Morgen."

And then the queer scenes of Sw. dish life. Now a young man and woman pass with a kahn filled with household goods and the happiest smile on their faces, leading you to think they have just been married and are

going to housekeeping. Now a bare-legged Venus goes by with a load of hay. She smiles as she passes. Her kahn almost grazes yours, and you are half tempted to pinch those rosy limbs as they pass. There is nothing new to bring you back to the present. Everything is old and quaint. The moss on the roofs is deep and thick, and the boards and stones of the houses are gray with the age of a hundred years.

At one point I stopped the kahn, and looking into a stable, I watched the milkmaids working away with their buckets held fast between their knees. My guide told me that the girls did all the milking, cleaned the stables and took care of the cows.

This guide was a character. His broken German enabled us to get along very well. He told me that most of the Vends were Protestants, and that he believed in the Bible. He looked upon me as a great curiosity when he found I was an American, and he pointed me out as such to every one we met. He had been a soldier in the German army, and he said times were good in Germany, and that the ordinary wages in this part of the country were now from twenty to thirty cents a day for women, and from twenty-five to fifty cents a day for men. He was very grateful when I gave him a little more than the regular fee at the close, and he told me he wanted me to take his wife's photograph to America so that he could say that his wife had been there. He afterwards sent me this photograph, and I publish it in this letter. If he ever sees it I doubt not he will think the millionnaire has begun.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GRAYBACK WHALES.

How They Are Hunted in Marguerita Bay.

(Special Correspondence.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11.—Marguerita Bay, on the Lower Californian coast, was, some years ago, one vast nursery full of "coos" and "realves," as the whalers persist in calling the old and young of the whale. For two weeks the Henry was "kedged" through a succession of long lagoons, separated from the ocean only by narrow strips of beach. Hundreds of low, green islands were dotted about, cutting them up into labyrinthine of natural canals. At intervals of five or six miles were openings leading into the bays. These were doors by which the mother whales entered their nursery. They came from the outer ocean regularly in January, brought forth their young, and remained until May or thereabouts, when the "calf" was sufficiently strong to brave the more turbulent waters of the Pacific.

We "worked up" to one lagoon through a most crooked channel. It was necessary to indicate it by stakes planted at low water. Sometimes but a few hundred yards would be gained during an entire day. At low tide vast fields of hard, white sand were left bare for miles on either side of us. We could jump from the schooner's rail on dry land. The Henry at such times would be hoisted over in a most uncomfortable manner, especially for the unfortunate individual whose duty it was to tend to the culinary affairs of the vessel in a kitchen inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees.

There were twelve vessels in the bay that season. Each captain agreed to occupy a separate lagoon, and take his chance of such fish as might find their way without interfering with the rest.

Viewed as a "business" this occupation was legitimate and right. In the light of humanity it was marvellous. These mother whales, who were so sheltered and so nurtured by their children, they had the same maternal love which pervades all forms of animated nature. Close about the vessel the "coos" might be seen rolling, tumbling and playing in great and comical fashion with their calves. They sacrificed themselves for their young. We never heard of a calf being compassed by a calf. Because in such cases they ran the line out too quickly. They would get the calves also, and so would not allow themselves to be towed by them through the jagged rocks on the bar.

It is impossible to kill the graybacks in deep water, as with the right or sperm whale. They dive too deep and stay under too long. But in this nursery the hunted mother would not desert her young. She swam slowly when chased, and the feeble offspring might keep up with her. So, in such cases, there was more time for the hunter to do his murderous work. She would bear repeated threats, and seek only to get away. Sometimes, by accident, the calf was wounded. Then, on her part, the mother for battle and revenge supplanted that of flight. The whaler used to say that the "coos" could smell the calf's blood when this was drawn, so mother though it might, he yards behind. An infuriated dam provoked in this manner once chased one of our boats ashore. When the mistreated from pierced the calf, directly she turned and charging and thrashing the sea with fluke and fin came head on toward the boat. The crew saw that she meant business. Brief and fury had, as it were, given a momentary sense of her own might, and the piny outlines of her person. A hundred tons or more of flesh, and being shooting through the water at the rate of a mile in two minutes, is a formidable projectile for an eggshell of a whale-boat to encounter, and would start the members of the staunchest vessel. Fortunately the shore and shallow water were but a few yards distant. It was a close race. The great black mass rolled a sheet of foam before it. It was but a few feet from the boat's stern when the water suddenly shallowed, and three animals know well how many feet they drew. She blocked added her fow, however, for an hour, swimming to and fro, waiting for them to put off. But in her present mood they did not see fit to renew the contest.

For ever mother whale slain a calf died of starvation. Every dead whale on being towed to the vessel was followed by its young one. Through the night we could hear its feeble "low" in the vicinity. It would remain for days swimming about the carcass, even when stripped of the blubber coating and cut loose, a vast mass of putrescence, to float with wind and tide up and down the lagoons, navigated by stupid gulls gorged to repletion. These islands of carrion rising daily higher out of water, huge bladders, as it were, filled with gas generated from their own decomposition, sometimes came sailing straight down upon us, and looking under the bows or counter gave all hands an hour's work with poles and bandspikes to set them off again on their aimless voyage. The stench was simply terrific.

There can be no skinking in the fight with the whale. To plant the iron in his back, the boat must be rowed straight up to and even on him. It is a fair open fight, no treachery, nor land to run away on, no escape by flight, should the animal turn and give fight. A kink in the rushing, snaking line may match a tower from his rear and drag him into the depths. When hauled up and driving the lance home a smash is imminent every moment. In mid-ocean the boat may be capsized and the ship miles away lost to sight in fog.

There was no "made our voyage," the king of the sea, and champion grayback slayer of Marguerita Bay, was killed. He was a pure blooded African. His figure was grand; his

face magnificent in its grotesqueness, massive in its coarseness. His strength was enormous. He could throw the harpoon twice as far as an ordinary man. A harpoon when "shot" with the heavy iron pole is no light weapon. It must be cast by the two arms in a curve, depending as much on its weight for burying the iron in the whale's body as on the muscles given it.

Jack lounging about decks or in the fore-castle was only a "nigger." But when he stood at the boat's bow in chase of the gray back, his cap off, his eyes fixed on the spot just ahead where momentarily he expected to see the monster's enormous bulk emerging from beneath his two great legs, a black arms holding over his head the harpoon ready for the cast, the "nigger" had a certain skill and dependability which no one else could have.

Out from the iron and the harpoon came the flukes of our black Hercules. He was a sharp point settled in the great black mass, the strength of every muscle was employed in deeping the harpoon. "All right!" There is an angry mutter at it, and which were it to reach the boat would cut it in halves as easily as the whalers' blade sweeps through the grass stalk. Edge and butt for a few seconds of time, and the boat, the animal dives, the flukes disappear under the logghead, the boat rises and the whale deep through the sea, the waves quickly in their wake, the long line is ready to be hauled at the last moment.

In skill, in cross and courage, Jack, like the Kanaka crew as one man. The Grayback has spent his last fury. The line is slowly hauled in and coiled away. The boat is brought "close aboard." The round-headed, razor edged lance lies by Jack's side. The enemy is out of sight. The boat rushes through the smooth waters of the lagoon, no motive power being visible. Jack never looks behind. His eyes are on the wheels and eddies just ahead, which indicate the submerged passage of the whale. He signals by a backward wave of either arm to the hand at the steering on the line to which he wishes the boat's head kept. He turns the lance in lung or heart, whenever the grayback comes up for a breath of air.

The unseen foe is with a change of some times, the line suddenly slackens. The grayback has stopped. The boat is hoisted in the water. Heats beat fast and face over an anxious look. The whale, may be practicing one of its peculiar stratagems, that of doubling on the pursuer and groping about under its mouth until its wicked little teeth catch sight of the boat, when it dives from the depths, the crafty ally of the fish, the polished ebony back and the crew slide into the water.

But in this chase the grayback continues its flight. The jets of white foam from the nostrils, after repeated thrusts, give place to streams of darker hue. Miles away the old man, "waiting the line" through his glass from the Henry's deck, sees the fatal sign and mutters, "Spouting black blood!" The great fountain of life has been tapped, and its emission flows down the sun lit gulfs around. The grayback stops and beats the water irresolutely with its fins. Its vast strength is going, the enemy are gathering the blindness and collapse of death is coming on. The boat is hoisted to a safe distance. The crew is glad. They have finished their deadly work, and are about to do something like respect as they behold the whale die. There is a faint rushing in great circles—then sudden cessations and great shivers. After many minutes the grayback's black back slowly rolls over the white belly comes up—up, up, all changes from the death fury to a gasp of life.

The social gatherings of Marguerita Bay constituted what was known as the "gam." A "gam" indicates a tall made by the crew of one vessel on that of another. No introductions were necessary. The men went at once to the foremast, the captains, mates and boat-steers to the cabin. Pipes were lit, perhaps a bottle of brandy produced, and a dose of brandy or smoke the "gam" went on. There was abundance of material for talk. The whalers have a world exclusively their own. No matter from what port they sailed the homogeneity of a common sympathy and experience existed between them. Though personally unknown to each other it was scarcely possible but that they had in time past voyaged with mutual acquaintances or met in Honolulu. For Honolulu was the axis on which the whaling world turned. Thither every six months the entire fleet put in for repairs and provisions. Honolulu with its mild climate, its fresh meats and tropical fruits, after months of "heart back and salt junk," its dusky inmates and relaxation after excessive toil in the cold northern seas was quite a treat to the whaler as he himself. A "gam" involved talk of the "harriet," the coast of Kamoharua, the Sea of Japan, the Brazil bank, the Falkland Isles, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso and Papeete. It was carried on in a confusion and variety of tongues—Portuguese, English, the Sandwich Islander, and the Yankee droll. It spoke of gales, hurricanes, typhoons, icebergs, floes, capricious, tropic fruits, smashed boats and smashed ribs. Old acquaintances who had last met near the north pole grasped hands wonderingly and gaily in the equator. The "gam" forward grumbled at the "old man" for not taking on board more potatoes and at the peevish owners for the tainted beef, pork, staid bread and wormy beans. The "gam" at grewed at the owners for shipping such a miserable crew, one-half of whom may be couldn't box the compass, pull an oar or tie a square knot. The captains and mates lived over their families together at the islands, and winked at each other and inquired after each other's wives and families at home, and then walked again and laughed long and loud at some mysterious joke. And may be the cabin boy present, who placed before them glasses and water for the grog, had a light olive complexion, bright black eyes, clearly cut features, neither American nor savage. About 10 o'clock one of the boat steers went forward and called out "All hands!" The boat's crew came "tumbling up" from the fore-castle, the craft was manned, the oars plashed in the water after whale's fashion, slovenly yet full of careless ease and skill; then they pulled with a long, sweeping stroke, the boat speedily became a shapeless dot on the long sheet of silver, cast by the round, bright moon on the smooth surface of the lagoon. The regular grating of the oars gradually dies away, and now the silence remains unbroken, save by the long drawn puff of some night wandering whale, the shorter snort of the porpoise, or howl of coyotes around the chapparal thickets lining the distant shores.

HAWLEY BRADFORD.

An old man said to me: "My gals never forget me. They married and went away to their homes, and though they were none of them will do yet, not one of them ever saw the time she wouldn't steal a dollar from her husband and give to father or mother; but it isn't so with the boys. They never knew they owed me anything; they never put their hands in their pockets for me; they never laid awake of nights thinking how to scrimp household expenses to get me or mother a present, like the gals did. And yet when I was a nigger 'em I thought one boy was worth a dozen gals."

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THE "HERR BARON."

A city like New York may well be termed the camera-obscura of the world. Each nationality forming a part of our heterogeneous population represents a little world by itself, obeying its own social laws and customs, and jealously maintaining all its peculiarities. These nationalities by far the most numerous, best organized and most firmly combined by common interests, recollections, tastes, and ways of life, is the German. Statistics prove New York to be the thrir of the great German cities of the world; and as everybody knows, there are whole districts in the city in which a knowledge of the German language is much more necessary than of the English. The characteristic feature of these districts is undoubtedly the "saucers," which are the stars in heaven. These establishments scarcely ought to be designated by a name which in France is associated with remembrances of powdered wigs, hoops, and Madame de Sevigne, while in America it is suggestive of cocktails, stale tobacco smoke and spurious. On entering one of the popular German beer-houses, you immediately become aware of the fact that you are in a wirthschaft, and not in a saloon.

One night in passing through one of the quiet streets which run from Second to Third avenue, and which some ten years ago still enjoyed the reputation of being up town, on particular wirthschaft, when I had not had time to notice before, attracted my attention from its peculiar dingy look. The narrow entrance was half concealed by the thick foliage of a creeping vine, from behind which a lantern, with the inscription, "H. Gorr-Wirthschaft," was barely visible. A small white sign above the door exhibited the word "Sommergarten." From inside, a female voice was heard singing an old German song, accompanied by a piano. Neither the singing nor the instrument seemed to be very much out of tune.

At this I had a promising look, so I stepped in on the establishment. The bar-room and the restaurant were deserted. An open door led out into the back yard, which had been converted into a summer garden, or rather into a bower of ivy and other creepers. Every available place in the "garden" was filled with small round tables, and every chair at these tables seemed at present to have already its occupant. On my entering, however, a feet-footed waiter came flying toward me and directed me to a small table, situated behind the piano, which had hitherto passed unobserved by the other guests.

"I sat down, and was just about to give my order when the manager form of the waiter who had welcomed me was suddenly thrust aside by a suppler force, and in his stead appeared a portly, solemn-looking man, clad with the most correct and irreproachable elegance, dress-coat, white waistcoat, white necktie, a napkin wound round his right hand—in a word, a model of a waiter such as any first class cafe on Delmonico's to Bigelow's, might have been proud of.

"You can go, Franz," this majestic man said to the other waiter in a mellow, sonorous voice; "I will serve this gentleman myself."

The combination of condescending civility and self-importance he contrived to throw into this one word "myself" was overwhelming. In the presence of this majestic official my original intention of ordering modestly "one lager" melted away like wax. I felt it would be almost a sacrilege to ask for so little of so great a being—it would be like asking Jupiter for one of his thunderbolts to light a cigarette. I muttered bashfully, "A pint bottle of Rhine wine, if you please."

The great man bowed and moved away as majestically as he had come. He had scarcely disappeared within the restaurant, when a strange self-consciousness gripped upon me of having seen him somewhere before in very different circumstances, where and when it was impossible for me to recollect. Somehow or other, by a mysterious association of ideas, pictures of a time long past, of better and merrier days, arose in my memory. I saw again the boulevards of Paris, with all their bustle at the hour when the theatres close. I felt once more about me that atmosphere of feverish excitement, of restless life, which surrounds the great Babylon of Europe. Had I seen that man at some cafe in Paris? No, it was not that. I could not have remembered for five long and eventful years such a trifling circumstance.

All of a sudden a name flashed upon me, Waldheim—Count von Waldheim—was the man this waiter reminded me of, and to whom he bore a most striking resemblance. Poor Waldheim, he was one of the maddest vivants of Paris! As open handed and generous as he was reckless always in good spirits, he was the universal favorite of that tout Paris whose center is the Boulevard des Italiens.

How well I remember the last supper the poor fellow gave us in the corner room of the Cafe Anglais! There were not more than a dozen of us—three or four ladies in the number who, by virtue of their beauty and their diamonds, were the leading "stars" in that strange hemisphere. I do believe that the merriest night I ever passed in my life. A sort of frenzy of childish richthartedness seemed to have seized on all the guests at that "famous banquet," as Waldheim called it. So uproarious were we in our merriment that about 3 o'clock in the morning a sergeant de ville sent up one of the waiters to request us either to shut the window or make less noise, as we were disturbing the neighborhood. At daybreak Waldheim sprang up from his seat, filled his glass for the last time, and, opening the balcony door, pointed to the boulevards stretching quiet and deserted at our feet in the dim, gray light of dawn.

"My last toast, ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "is to this great living monster of Paris, which has devoured me and so many others! For to me, in this enchanting embrace, I have lost all I possessed in the world. I beggar now, I bid thee farewell! Mortuus, Caesar, salutem!"

He emptied his glass and threw it out of the window on the pavement below. Then he took leave of us, making us promise not to follow him and not to search for him during at least three days, and was about to quit the room, when Valentine Ghemar, one of the ladies present, a well-known opera singer of the time, sprang up, and, flinging her arms impulsively around Waldheim's neck, exclaimed:

"You are a man, a brave man, and I love you! Wherever you go, let me go with you!"

"My dear little Valentine," answered Waldheim with a sad smile, "no romance, if you please! The times of love in a cottage are passed. Here in Paris, if the cottage took the shape of a little hotel in the Champs Elysees, it might all be very well. But where I am now going things will look different; it will be uphill work, a

struggle with want and death, and not a life with a delicate hot-house flower, might share with me. No, no, let me go, as I said, gently disengaging himself from her embrace. "Farewell, and be happy, all of you!"

With these words he disappeared, leaving us all moved to the heart, and poor Valentine sobbing disconsolately.

In Paris everybody still remembers the dreadful scandal Count Waldheim's sudden disappearance occasioned. The scandal was, perhaps, the greater because the count had no debts unpaid! Such conduct society judged to be preposterous, incomprehensible.

What business has a man to run away after paying all his debts, when by paying half of them and cheating his creditors out of the rest, he could have gone on living like a gentleman? Two days later the scandal-mongers had a new and still more sensational topic to comment upon—Valentine Ghemar had broken all her engagements and quitted Paris the same night. All the newspapers were full of romantic stories about this double disappearance, till at last an enterprising reporter of the Figaro succeeded in ascertaining that Count Waldheim had sailed from Havre to New York, and that Valentine Ghemar had been on board the same vessel. Since then nobody has ever heard from either of the fugitives; the huge waves of Parisian life closed over them, and in a month both were forgotten.

This old story was revived in my memory by the sight of the majestic waiter in a small New York wirthschaft. "Waldheim, an extraordinary remembrance!" I thought; "count it no sin!" But I languished at the bare suggestion that the brilliant, shining Count Waldheim could have been transformed into a keller.

Presumably this personage had turned, bearing the bottle of wine I had ordered, neatly wrapped up in a napkin. While he was uncorking it, an elderly gentleman, apparently an habitue of the place, entered the room, and passing by the waiter, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, saying: "How do you do tonight, Herr Baron?"

I started into untidiness on hearing the title, and again looked fixedly at the man. The resemblance to Waldheim was perfectly wonderful.

"Why do they call you Herr Baron?" I asked, while he was filling my glass.

"It is a title, sir, of some of the friends of the house," he answered, smiling discreetly; "they pretend that I look like a baron."

"Not like a baron," I retorted, staring him straight in the face, "but very much like a count. Did you ever hear of a Count von Waldheim?"

He turned suddenly pale and his hand shook as he put the bottle down on the table.

"No, sir," he answered with difficulty; "I never heard the name."

His discomposure, however, already betrayed him. So I rose, and stretched out my hand to him, said in an undertone: "Waldheim, don't you know me?"

"By all that is wonderful!" he exclaimed, "can this really be you, Count von Waldheim?"

"For heaven's sake do not speak to me here! Nobody knows me. And on that you should be the first to see me in such a plight!"

"My dear friend!" I observed, "do not let this circumstance put you out in the least. If one of us is to be pitied, it is I. I am a journalist."

Waldheim coughed, and said in a more cheerful tone:

"Well, I am heartily glad to see you, as the same. In half an hour we close here. Will you then wait a moment for me outside? We can have a talk about old times."

I of course assented, and an hour later we were both established in a snug corner of a Third Avenue oyster saloon in company of a bottle of champagne to which the "Herr Baron" had insisted on treating me.

"And Valentine Ghemar, where is she?" was my first question. "The paper said at the time that you had gone off together."

"Yes—quite in spite of me, however. I had not the remotest notion of the girl's escapade until she had of a sudden appeared on the ship when we were already out of the harbor. Poor girl! she was a madcap, but a good loving soul."

"You speak of her in the past—is she dead?"

"Worse," rejoined Waldheim, sorrowfully; "she is married!"

"Married!" I echoed; "is it possible? To whom?"

"To an Alsatian named Schmitzberger, a head clerk at one of the most important breweries in the city."

"How very extraordinary all that sounds," I exclaimed. "But now you must make a clean breast of it, my dear fellow. Come, tell me all that has befallen you on our glorious soil of liberty."

Waldheim filled both our glasses, and began by reciting in a lugubrious voice: "Intandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem!"

My career so far has not been a glorious one. I have been alternately a washer in a public bath, a street cleaner, a reporter on a German paper, a 'boy' on a farm in Jersey (the people actually called me 'boy'), and gave me the romantic name of Jimmy), a tramp, a sleeper in the parks, and a car-driver. My last position was that of a 'sandwich'! I trotted up and down Broadway clad as an Indian, with a great advertisement for India clubs on my back, and another for some 'miraculous toothache drops' on my breast. It was a combination sandwich. Two enterprising minds had united their energies in utilizing my back and front.

"Once I narrowly escaped becoming a valet de chambre. That was after having passed three nights in Madison park. An advertisement in the papers caught my eye of a lady wanting a man-servant of distinguished appearance in a first-class household. I called at once at the house (which was indeed set up in most elegant style) and proffered my services. The lady seemed greatly pleased with my appearance, and the thing was all settled. As we were, when she remarked: 'Of course you will have to shave your whiskers and mustache; it is the rule of my house.' The blood shot up into my face at these words. All of a sudden I became painfully aware of the position I was about to accept with all the consequences it involved. I declined and went back to the park."

"And yet, as you see, I have not escaped my fate. Instead of serving one, I serve many. I will tell you what it is, my dear fellow, a European aristocrat in this country is about the most useless being who ever trod the earth, unless he is rich. What have I ever learned that might have been of any use to me in this country? Except the art of spending money, nothing thoroughly. The only knowledge I could put to profit here was that of a servant's or a waiter's duties, which I had formerly claimed from others. I know

exactly the way in which a table-service must be laid out. The feigning of champagne has no mysteries for me. I know the names of all the dishes in the world, and of all the wines worth drinking. I speak German, French, and English, without mentioning the Russian language, which was not likely to prove of great use in this line of business; with all these accomplishments, am I not a waiter born and bred? I tell you, my friend, a ruined nobleman coming to America is predestined to become a keller!"

"Do you know what was the most humiliating and horrible sensation I ever experienced in my life? It was the first time I heard a whistle and a 'Pat' and realized the fact that both sounds were intended for me, and that I had to obey them. You may laugh at me, my dear fellow, but I tell you the idea of being whistled for like a domestic animal, or anything but enjoyable so long as a man is not accustomed to it."

"Poor Waldheim!" I exclaimed, laughing in spite of myself at the seriocomic mood humor with which he told me all his woes. "But you have not yet told me what became of Valentine in all this adieu-see."

"Oh! she is a Parisian; and Parisian women act like cats—they always fall on their feet. The first weeks of her stay here all went on smoothly. When I suddenly got down to my last 500 francs, I gave them to the girl and said, 'My dear Valentine, the best you can do now is to return to Paris; but she refused, persistently, saying that she would never leave me. Yet I was obliged to leave her to seek for work, for I was penniless. It was then that I passed a season on the Jersey farms as 'Jimmy.' While there I received a letter from Valentine, in which after glowing protestations of love and fidelity, she announced to me her approaching marriage with that man Schmitzberger, whose offer she said she had accepted only for my sake! As she was they were married, she added, she would procure me a suitable position in the brewery, of which her bridegroom was head clerk, and then I could be happy forevermore—emphasizing her words with three dishes! As you may imagine, I respectfully declined the tempting offer, and have never seen Mr. Schmitzberger since."

"Requie in pace!" I exclaimed, ringing my glass. "But to return to your own affairs. Is it possible that you have given up to this business?"

"My dear fellow, honestly and truly yes! B-hood the decay of a great character. This business is not so bad after all. I am excellently paid, and in the few years during which I have worn the mask of 'Ernest' I have made a fortune in the profession. I have saved a good deal of money."

"So you are content with your lot?" I said.

"Content? No; I take things as they are, without making them worse."

"Well, my dear Waldheim, I am heartily glad to have met you. I said, risk and shaking him by the hand. "I hope to see you again soon. Now it is late, therefore both of us go to sleep."

We too, leave of one another like old friends, with mutual promises to meet often.

Some three weeks after our first meeting, however, I was sent on newspaper business to South Carolina, and remained there over three months. When I returned, the "Herr Baron" had left H. Gorr's wirthschaft, and had gone—where, I do not know.

A year passed without my hearing aught of Waldheim. A few days I caught sight by chance of a copy of the Saratoga Advertiser, in which I noticed an announcement of the opening of a "first class hotel" in that fashionable watering-place. After the usual flourish of rhetoric promising the "distinguished traveler" all the advantages of a delightful paradise on earth, I read the following words:

"The manager, M. Ernest, will devote all his energies and extensive experience in hotel business to the direction of a new and vast enterprise."

There was no doubt possible; this must be the "Herr Baron." I wrote to him, and received a jubilant reply; his hotel was thriving, and fast becoming one of the most fashionable haunts of the place.

And thus Heinrich Kurd, Count von Waldheim, the brilliant Parisian viveur son of the ex-grand marshal of the nobility of Livonia, some of whose forefathers had shed their blood in the crusades, others of whom had at one time aspired to the throne of the German empire, became the manager of a thriving hotel at Saratoga. From "Misties and Remnants," Ticknor & Co.

enlarging and improving their different works. Each company, of course, puts in its own lamps and charges so much for each—\$4.00 for the Equitable and \$8 with the Consolidated and Consolidated. Each company, too, lights and puts out its own lamps according to a schedule prepared by the city authorities. All must be set going within an hour from the time the first is lighted and the events of the men and boys who look after this are therefore small.

In July a lamp burned seven hours and three quarters. In December a trifle over sixteen hours. The total number of hours burned through by each in a year is 4,000 at a rough guess.

The prices paid to the three companies for gas by the city during the years 1885-86 were as follows: To the Consolidated for two-thirds of all the public lamps in use, \$17.50 a year for each lamp; the same to the New York Mutual and \$12 to the Equitable. The Northern Gas Light Company, which light a few of the public lamps in Morrisania and West Farms, gets as much as \$30 a year per lamp. For gas used in the public buildings the Consolidated and Mutual charged \$150 a thousand feet and the Equitable \$140.

The illuminating power in candles of the gas furnished by the different companies varies widely. The New York branch of the Consolidated can show 24.99 candle power; the Manhattan branch, only 18.0; the Metropolitan branch, 25.50; the Knickerbocker branch, 26.46. The two smaller companies do much better. The Mutual's gas has an illuminating power of 28.75 and the Equitable's one of 31.31. A gas of 31.31 candle power is a luxury that few cities enjoy. That of London is far inferior, and so, doubtless, is that of most American cities.

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.
To take effect Nov. 4, 1886, and further notices.
No. Standard 9. A. M. peridian time which is 28 min. late—lower than Columbus time.

STATIONS	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lowville	6:55 A.M.	3:45 P.M.		4:00 A.M.
Shelburne	7:05	3:55		4:10
Elizabethtown	7:15	4:05		4:20
Watkins	7:25	4:15		4:30
Watkins	7:30	4:20		4:35
Canton	7:40	4:30		4:45
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Elizabethtown			5:00	
Shelburne			5:10	
Lowville			5:20	
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Massillon Independent.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1886

NOTE.

The **INDEPENDENT** will go to press one day earlier than usual next week, in order to close down entirely on Thanksgiving Day. Advertisers, correspondents, and readers will please govern themselves accordingly.

Even little Medina has a town library.

What is your opinion as to a public library?

New York now has claim to a million and a half of people.

For push, poker, and politics, Stark county is now leading Ohio.

It is the city's duty to furnish the room, and the citizens will fill it with the books.

The people are taking too passive an interest in many matters of present public importance.

Sidewalk signs are not allowable so a city ordinance says, and that ordinance is right and proper.

Please make a note of the fact that nowhere in Ohio can manufactured gas be purchased cheaper than in Massillon.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, it is believed, will give its decision in the Stark county Shreveley matter on Tuesday next.

The Independent correspondence and local columns show that the main interests of this city are steadily becoming more important.

The Republican party in Stark county is not run from any one place or by any one set of men. There is no dictator, and there will be none.

Rosecoe Conkling it is said, has dropped his once fastidious proclivities, and his present appearance is reported as verging toward the seedy.

With private and public electric lights, and gas at a dollar and a half per thousand feet, Massillon ought to be the brightest town in the State.

There appears to be a want of harmony at West Lebanon. The latest advices are that the members of the band are suing each other for refusing to play.

It is with sincere regret that the news is chronicled of the death of ex-President Chester A. Arthur at his home in New York at 5 o'clock Thursday morning.

Every body will sustain the Council in their demand upon the Water Company to redeem its pledges, and carry out its contract with the city in spirit and in letter.

Over in Canton they worked ten years to organize a board of trade. And in the six months of its existence, more has been done there, than in the twenty years that preceded them.

Representative Hisecock of New York hopes that the fierce rivalry between Senator Miller and the Hon. Levi P. Morton, for the New York senatorship, will result in one or the other party coming over to him, thereby ensuring him success.

Auditor Manly has been blamed for not placing the levy for indigent soldiers upon the list. The auditor blames the county commissioners. Between them it has been decided to take one-half mill from the poor fund for the maintenance of the indigent soldiers.

The snow has been a blessing in disguise. When one stops to pick up the rubber shoe which the man holds in its tenacious embraces, one can consider how the ugly hillocks left by the Water Company, are slowly subsiding from the water which settles in them.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer hints that the nomination of Mr. Powderly for the vice-Presidency would be a wise move for the Democratic party. One would suppose that the experience of the Ohio branch with John McBride would teach that party a lesson. Not that Mr. Powderly and Mr. McBride are at all similar, but the principle which would actuate such a nomination, would be the same.

There is more real prosperity in Massillon now than in half of the wind and water towns that are talking about booms which exist—on paper. The stores are all doing a lively business just now. In some branches of trade within the last week, the sales have been so lively that merchants have had to lock their doors to keep the people out. Part of this it is true, is the result of an extraordinary competition, but in every case the strong effort to put goods on the market has been by reason of intended improvements or enlargements. Not a shop in the city is idle, the mines cannot get enough cars, and there are whispers of new establishments. Some time there will be a board of trade to stir things up still more.

The Mayor of the flourishing city of Massillon, the capital of the Tuscarawas valley, sits in state in a cane bottom chair, in a ten by twelve office with one door. The Engineer has an apartment smaller, but not less elegant. The City Solicitor pays his own rent. The City Clerk has a drawer in which to pile papers, and a little safe in which to keep books. The ravings of imprisoned drunken wretches, and the eloquence of our councilmen, may be heard from the same magnificent stentor. The various municipal boards meet where best they can. Such are the splendid arrangements for the executive forces of the city, in which the officers luxuriate, and which we exhibit with pride to strangers. Seriously, the city, as a city, has nothing worthy of it, in the way of buildings. It has not decently provided for its own working forces, and it has never in any way encouraged any useful enterprise among the people. Massillon has now got to that point, where a city hall is needed. The public service will be improved by having concentrated quarters. If the city will give it a home, there is no doubt at all, but that the public library scheme, can be carried into immediate execution. There are many reasons why such a project should be carried out, without being labeled as an extravagant and useless scheme.

Our Streets Must be Repaired.

If the Council will compel the Massillon Water Company to at once put the streets in proper condition as it can, and as it promises to do, it will have every citizen at its back. The Water Company, however well it may have performed its own work, has not done its duty by the city in regard to returning the streets to their original condition, as by the contract they are bound. The company has clearly endeavored to evade the clause governing the filling of their trenches, and it is none too soon to make them aware of it. Last week, the promise went forth, from the office of the company, and was published, that a force of men would at once give attention to the streets and properly repair them. But there has been no realization of the promise. Instead, an insufficient number of men, with scrapers, have in places levelled down the piles of earth, and the consequence is that heavy teams, in this wet weather, get stalled, and in time, instead of there being a ridge in the road, there will be a depression. The contract specifically states that as the work progresses the earth shall be shoveled in and stamped down. Everybody knows that in no case has the company done more than to turn water in its trenches to settle the earth.

It was about determined at the last meeting of the council to order the Street Commissioner to do this work properly, and charge it up to the company, since they refuse to do it themselves. It would be well were this move taken. The Water Company has not shown any disposition to be accommodating, and has violated the contract, made and signed by its own officers.

A HALF CENTURY.

St. Timothy's Church Celebrates her Semi-Centennial in an Edifying and Becoming Manner.

Old St. Timothy's has been very gay this week, which was right and proper, considering that on Sunday she passed the mile stone that marks the middle of a century. And then too, there was much reason to be gay. The church was never more prosperous, the incense in the corner is still called the "new organ," the rectory has just been finished, and finally, in itself, a fiftieth birthday is deserving of some special celebration.

On Sunday morning, a beautiful musical service was presented by the choir, and the Rev. Dr. Nicholas preached a splendid sermon. Captain A. J. Ricks then read a brief history of the church prepared by the rector, and letters of regret from invited guests. The sketch will be found below. In the evening, Dr. Fleming James, of Gambier, preached, and Dr. Nicholas read the service. The collection which was exceedingly liberal, will go to liquidate the small balance due on the new rectory.

Monday evening, to commemorate the first use of the rectory, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kemp held a reception, which was attended almost by everybody. The attendance was not confined to Episcopalians, but it was a popular affair, and one thoroughly enjoyable.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF ST. TIMOTHY'S CHURCH.

On the seventh day of June, 1836, St. Timothy's Parish was organized, according to the canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio, by the election of a vestry and wardens consisting of the following: James Duncan, H. B. Harris, J. L. Reynolds, Hawkins Wheeler, C. K. Skinner, Dwight Jarvis, Matthew Johnson and George Paine. Until the church was built, services were held in what was known as the Long Room—corner of Erie and Main streets.

Upon the invitation of Rt. Rev. Chas. P. McIlvain, Bishop of the diocese, the Rev. John Swan, first minister of the parish, entered upon his ministrations, on Sunday, July 17th, 1836. At a meeting of the vestry held on the 19th of October following, he was unanimously elected rector, and accepted the same.

On the 29th of September, 1835, the corner stone of the church was laid by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Barlow, of St. Paul's church, Akron, and Christ church, Franklin; and by the rector of the parish. In the stone was a box containing a list of the clergy of the diocese of Ohio; the Journal of the Convention of 1835; a copy of the Episcopal Recorder containing an account of the burial of Bishop White; copy of the Gleaner (Gleaner) and copy of the Bishop's Charge at the last Convention.

The Lord's Supper was administered the first time in the parish on the thirtieth of October when five individuals with the rector partook of the same.

On the 30th of August, 1837, the Sunday School was started, with thirty scholars and seven teachers. At the convention held in Trinity church, Columbus, on the 14th of September, 1837, the rector reported as follows: Communicants 16, baptisms 12, marriages 2, burials 1. In 1838 there were 27 communicants, 9 confirmed, 2 marriages, 13 burials, 60 Sunday school scholars and 9 teachers.

During the summer of 1841, at the request of the vestry, and with the approval of the Bishop, the rector visited some of the eastern cities to solicit funds to aid in completing the church edifice. His success, though but partial, led to an effort in the fall to finish the building.

On the 15th of May, 1848, in the presence of a large congregation, St. Timothy's church was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Chas. P. McIlvain. The instrument of donation was read by the Rev. J. Carpenter Smith of Wooster. The sentence of consecration by the Rev. John Swan, rector of the parish. The Bishop preached the service having been read by the Rev. Lyman S. Freeman, of Akron, and the Rev. Thomas B. Fairchild, of Cayahoga Falls.

On the fifth of September, 1844, the 27th annual convention of the diocese assembled in this church; reported 80 communicants, 27 baptisms, 3 marriages, 3 funerals, about 100 Sunday school scholars and 12 teachers. About \$300.00 expended upon furnishing the church during the year, and provisions made for liquidating \$3500.00 of the church debt.

On the eighth of September, 1844, the altar ordained in this church, the Rev. Albert T. McMurphy, rector of Christ church, Springfield, to the priesthood; and Alexander McLeod, M. D., to the sacreton.

In July 1845, the Rev. John Swan resigned, and closed his ministrations on the third of August. The church remained without a rector until July the following year, when the Rev. Anson Clark entered upon his duties. During the vacancy, lay services were held by Mr. James L. Reynolds.

On the first of July, 1847, an organ built by Mr. Botsford, of Wooster, at a cost of \$1500.00, was placed in the church.

EXTRAORDINARY.
 The greatest sale on record began Saturday, Nov. 13th, at Watkins' old dry goods store in the assignment of H. J. Watkins.

The assignee has sold the entire stock to A. L. Watkins & Co., of Pittsburg, who are now in possession and busily engaged marking goods down, and will open Saturday morning, November 13th.

This Immense Stock Comprises the most Complete Assortment of Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes In Stark county and must be sold out regardless of cost.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,
 No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

duties as rector. He reports 60 communicants.

In the report to the convention of 1852, the following entry appears: "Church debt paid by Mrs. Upham; interior of church completed."

The Rev. Edward H. Cumming preached his last sermon on the third of April, 1859.

The Rev. Henry Hobart Morrell entered up in the rectorship of the parish. On July 1st, 1859. He reported the number of communicants 837. On the 4th of December, 1859, the then assistant Bishop of the diocese visited the parish and administered the rite of confirmation to 16 persons.

During the winter of 1860-61, the Mite Society put gas into the church, at a cost of about \$150.00. In 1863 the church lot was surrounded by a neat fence, costing about \$400.00, and the grounds graded, and set out with ornamental trees. In 1865 a new roof was put on the church, and a new vestry room built, at a cost of about \$1500.00. In 1866 the inside of the church was replastered, the old gallery taken down and a new one put in; also a new carpet and a chandelier, at an expense of \$2500.00.

On the first Sunday of July 1866, the Rev. H. H. Morrell preached his farewell sermon; having resigned to take the position of Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Missionary Committee, leaving 115 communicants.

On the first of February 1867, the Rev. Geo. W. Timlow became rector, and resigned on the first of May 1871. There is no record during Mr. Timlow's pastorate.

The Rev. Wilfred H. Dean was rector from the first of October, 1871, to January 1st, 1873.

The Rev. W. M. Probasco was rector from the 15th of May 1873, to March 1877; his pastorate being terminated by death. He was buried in the Massillon cemetery.

On the 16th of October 1877, the Robert D. Brooke entered upon his duties as rector. The present rectory was in process of being fitted up for the Sunday school, and was occupied during the next month. The rectory had been repaired. In 1878 the church was kalsomined and carpeted, at a cost of \$340. In 1879 the organ was removed from the gallery to the side of the chancel, thoroughly repaired, painted, and a platform built, all at a cost of \$194.00. In 1884, the Sunday school room was carpeted, the walls painted and chairs supplied. The Rev. R. D. Brooke resigned the charge of the parish on the 20th of April, 1885.

Your present rector entered upon his duties on the first Sunday in advent, Nov. 29, 1885. On the 25th of January, 1886, the Young People's Association was organized, and decided to work for a parish building. On Easter Sunday the congregation contributed \$228.31 towards the parish building. On the 27th of June ground was broken for the erection of a new rectory, which was occupied on Wednesday, the 3d of November. An industrial school was successfully carried on in the Sunday school room, during the winter with over 300 scholars. When your rector first took charge of the parish, he found a society of ladies actively engaged in raising funds for the purchase of a new organ. In less than 18 months the whole sum was raised, and a first class instrument manufactured by Hock & Hastings, of Boston, was placed in the church. The value of the organ is \$2000.00. But, in consideration of cash payment, the manufacturers delivered it for \$1519.00. It was first used in divine service on Sunday, the 29th of August.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

The Ft. Wayne road's schedule has not materially changed.

A new turn table just beyond the C. & L. E. crossing, and three new side tracks are to be constructed by the W. & L. E. railroad company.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad company has received two new mogul engines, and when the two more order-

ed have arrived will have thirty three all told.

The iron rails on the Huron division of the W. & L. E. have been replaced with steel. The old steel rails between Creston and Smithville have been replaced with new.

It is said that the Wheeling & Lake Erie officials contemplate the abandonment, next spring, of that portion of the main track in Massillon, from and including the bridge across the river, to the Navarre river bridge. They are anxious to continue from their station in this city, down on the river bank between the C. & L. E. track and the Tuscarawas. By so doing they can avoid the expense of a new bridge which would otherwise have to be built near Tremont street. Should they carry out these ideas the abandoned track would afford splendid and now much needed yard accommodations.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ARBEXY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, strengthens my appetite, and seems to make me live." J. J. THOMAS, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." J. W. LILLIS, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned executor of the last will and testament of James P. Fy, deceased, will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, the 27th day of November, A. D. 1886, the following described real estate, to-wit:

First—A parcel of thirty-seven and a half acres, more or less, of land, part of fractional section seven (7) of township 19 N. R. 9 E. and range 10 E. (10th of Stark county, Ohio, bounded as follows: Beginning at a point on the north line of said section distant westward thereon two and one-half acres, west twenty-seven and eight one hundredths chains to the north line of the W. & L. E. Railroad eight of way, thence in a north-easterly direction with the north line of said right of way to the piece of land being sold.

Second—The east one-third of the east two-thirds of lot number one (1) and two (2) of Range 10 E. added to the city of Massillon.

Third—Lot number six (6) of Michael Kuch's and lots in Secarawus township, as recorded a volume three page thirty three of the Stark county plat records.

The first named tract consists mainly of wood timber land. One of the last two lots will be at the office of the undersigned in Massillon, O., at 10 o'clock a. m., and of 61st tract on the premises at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Terms—One-third cash, one-third in one year and balance in two years from date of sale, deferred payments to draw interest at six per cent, and to be secured by mortgage on the premises.

First tract appraised at \$2,500; second tract appraised at \$400; Third tract appraised at \$1.00.

R. W. McCAUGHEY, Executor.

Legal Notice.

William H. Clay, residing at Leesburgh, Kentucky, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 6th day of September, 1886, Michael Young, of Stark county, Ohio, caused an order of attachment to be issued against him for the sum of \$39.74, by Robert H. Polger, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Perry town, Stark county, Ohio, dated on the 21st day of September, 1886, such proceedings were in and to be secured by the Peace in said action, that said proceedings were by said Justice of the Peace certified to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, under section 241 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio. That on the 27th day of September said Michael Young filed his petition and caused an order of attachment to issue in a 3d suit against said William H. Clay, cause No. 1886, for the amount aforesaid and costs, and that on the 24th day of September, 1886, the Sheriff of said county attached the following real estate of said William H. Clay, to-wit: The undivided seventh part of the south-east quarter of section thirty-three in Jackson township, Stark county, Ohio.

Said petition prays for judgment against said William H. Clay for \$39.74 amount and costs. Said William H. Clay is required to answer on or before the 8th day of January, 1887, or judgment will be entered against him.

22-21
 MICHAEL YOUNG.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of William Kitchen, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of William Kitchen, late of Stark county, deceased. Dated this 27th day of October, A. D. 1886.

JOHN O. GARRETT,
 Administrator.

Notice of Dissolution.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been by mutual consent dissolved. The grocery business to be continued by Gust F. Breckel, to whom all book accounts, notes, etc. of said firm must be paid.

C. M. BRIEDER
 GUST F. BRECKEL
 Massillon, O., November 10, 1886. 21-21

John Baker Thompson,
Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,
 MASSILLON, OHIO.

Cabinet Work.**AMOS GIROD,**

has a number of experienced cabinet makers in the lot, Peter Sharr, will continue the business as before, manufacturing

Bank and Store Counters,
Saloon and Bar Fixtures,

—AND—

General Cabinet Work.

Also has control of the

Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator,
 for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.

Yours truly,
 Amos Girod.

June 12.

A. J. Humberger & Son.

SPECIALTIES.

Fine Lace Curtains

" Embroideries

" Dress Goods

" Parasols.

Call and inspect the Bar-

gains we can show you

in Hosiery.

L. L. SHERTZER,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography.

SOUTH ERIE STREET.

—AND—

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

"True Blue" every night this week at the Opera House

Mr. J. O. Core's property is for sale, as he contemplates moving to Iowa.

The Presbyterian bazar last week was a success in more ways than one.

The corrected time card of the C., L. and W. railroad will be found in this issue.

The top of the new water stand pipe will be the highest accessible point in Stark county.

The West Massillon Coal Company paid out twelve thousand dollars last Saturday.

John Moore was lucky enough to secure a good watch in a competition at the Catholic fair.

On Thursday the gates of the dam were closed, and the water is now being stored in the reservoir.

Photographs of machinery made by Russell & Company have been successfully taken by Artist Haring, with the electric light.

The funeral of Mr. T. M. Gillespie, a brother of Mrs. A. P. L. Pease, and Mrs. W. K. L. Warwick, took place in Pittsburgh on Sunday.

Chief Engineer Delafield estimates that Massillon will consume 350,000 gallons of water daily when the new works are completed.

On Thanksgiving Day there will be a mission service at the Christian church, at 10:30 a. m. The discourse will be delivered by Dr. N. P. Bailey.

Next summer will probably see a handsome building, on the corner of East and Oak. The Board of Education has the matter under consideration.

Within the last seven days a great deal more than one hundred thousand dollars has been paid to the miners, laborers and mechanics of Massillon.

The G. A. R. will arrange at their next regular meeting, Friday, November 29, to hold a rousing camp fire, at which A. L. Conger, Department Commander and staff will be present.

The American will have it wrong. This is the second time the INDEPENDENT whose authority is Chief Engineer Delafield is obliged to inform it that the capacity of the new reservoir is 54,000,000 gallons and not 25,000,000 as it states.

At the Catholic fair this week the C. M. B. A. and the St. Joseph's Society each worked to raise a larger sum of money than the other for the church, the prize to be a handsome flag. The former society took the banner, having secured \$410 against \$36 raised by St. Joseph's Society.

On Saturday last while John P. Plantz, jr., was at work in the Elton coal mine near Massillon, a lump from the roof fell upon his back, doubling him up and crushing him. Several ribs were broken, and severe internal injuries were sustained. Dr. J. F. Gardner did all that could be done, but his injuries were too severe and he died on Wednesday evening.

The news of the death of Orrville Brown, a former resident of Massillon was received on Friday. He had been confined for some time with inflammatory rheumatism, at his home in Mansfield, and death resulted on Friday. The body was brought to this city for burial the funeral being held on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Brown was a successful musician, and owned a number of patents upon inventions of his own. A wife and four children survive him.

Saturday morning, August Dinzler, a German, was killed in the Camp Creek coal mine, near this city, in which he was employed. He had just made a "standing shot," that is the charge of powder had not dislodged the coal, and in endeavoring to pry it loose, or "bear it down," while doing so it suddenly gave way and crushed him. He was removed to the open air as quickly as possible, but he lived only a moment. He was a poor man, and leaves behind him a wife and six small children.

Out and In.

The new editor of the Wilmot Review is getting out a very bright and attractive local paper.

The Minerva News is happy because of the general prosperity with which that town is blessed.

In Salem they are arranging for an exhibition of local industries, and the enterprise promises to be successful.

The Alliance Standard is clamoring to have Alliance made a real city, of the third class, with four wards instead of two precincts.

The Salem Era is giving publicity to a great scheme, which has originated in Alliance. Here in Massillon we have been thinking about a plan somewhat similar, and we will strike pretty soon. Peter is tired of being robbed to pay Paul. Says the Era:

The people of the west end of Mahoning county and the east end of Stark county, are agitating the question of forming a new county with Alliance for the county seat.

The Alliance Leader whose editor has

just returned from his travels over the district says:

Stark county is rapidly coming to the front as the best county in the State. Business in Canton Massillon and Alliance, the three largest towns of the county, is booming. At Alliance our extensive manufacturing establishments were never so busy as they are to day, while the building season has been remarkably brisk. In fact our town is enjoying the greatest prosperity and the healthiest growth we could hope for.

PER-O-LITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World

Mr. Charles Steese has returned from Massachusetts.

Mr. George F. Downey was one of Massillon's guests on Friday last.

Miss Kate Weltv and Miss Bessie Hoover have returned to New Philadelphia.

Mr. C. E. Wells and family, of Delaware, have moved to Massillon intend to make this their home.

Prof. Alexandre Guillet has recently completed a clever comedy in four acts entitled "All for a Boy."

John H. Vincent, of Massillon, until recently a resident of this city, made Alliance a visit last Monday.—Alliance Standard.

Mr. George M. Higginbotham and Miss Elva E. Barnett, both of this city were married on Thursday last by the Rev. B. F. Booth.

Mr. James R. Dunn is in Springfield and will there assume the duties of Chief Counsel of the Ohio Division L. A. W., to which office he has recently been appointed.

A very quiet wedding took place in Canton on Thursday afternoon, at which Mr. Samuel R. Weirich, one of the proprietors and the business manager of the INDEPENDENT, and Miss Ada C. Wagner were united. Only the relatives were present on this pleasant occasion, which was made more so, by a great many substantial and generous remembrances from friends Mr. and Mrs. Weirich came at once to Massillon after the ceremony, and have commenced house keeping in a home which awaited them on Thorn street. Heartly congratulations are being showered upon this young couple, by their many acquaintances in the two cities.

Massillon Amusements.

Lester & Allen's celebrated minstrels are due November 24.

Mr. F. D. Powers delivered his lecture upon "Garfield" before a small audience on last Thursday night.

Final arrangements have been made for Minnie Maddern's appearance. She will be here February 13.

Mr. T. J. Farron, a comedian well known and popular in this city, formerly of Baker & Farron, will appear in a very funny comedy, "A Soap Bubble," in the near future.

"Patent Rights," a very entertaining comedy, which has just scored a success in Cleveland, will be here November 27. One half of a complete locomotive is used on the stage.

Prof. David Swing of Chicago, is so out of health this winter, that it has been necessary for him to abandon all hopes of lecturing for the present. The U. C. D. lecture committee have therefore been obliged to engage a substitute, and have secured Judge A. W. Tourgee, the well known author of "A Fool's Errand," and other works.

It is with unmitigated disgust that the fact is published that the needless American pianiste, Mme. Julia Rive-King, secured by a great effort, whose reputation is world-wide, whose audiences are everywhere large, and who came directly from Pittsburgh to give one of her recitals Wednesday night, gave a matchless performance before a small, very small audience. The weather probably kept many away. Those who were present heartily enjoyed their evening, and showed their appreciation by enthusiastic applause. The public did not display very creditable discrimination in not coming out in larger numbers. It probably will, should she come again.

In accompanying Mile. Schubert, Prof. Balfour, of this city, was under the disadvantage of never having seen either the music or the lady before.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been made in this city:

Sheriff of Stark county to Frederick Loeffler, out lot 150 in Albright & Webb's addition to Massillon, \$250.

John McClymonds' exr. to Jacob F. Wagner, lot 23 in River Side addition to Massillon, \$400.

Robert Larmer et al. William Larmer lot 6 in Albright's addition.

Z. F. Shoemaker and w. to Marshall Wagoner et al, and 3-7 of 118.46 acres in Perry township, \$2,700.

Trustees of First M. E. church to J. W. McClymonds, part of lot 237 in Massillon, \$200.

W. C. Russell and w. to James R. Dunn part lot 1496 in Massillon, \$2,400.

Julia M. Jarvis to W. C. Russell, part lot 39 in H. F. & B. add to Massillon, \$1,200.

The funeral of the late John Rittman, a former resident of Massillon, took place in this city on Thursday afternoon.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

AN ELECTRICAL SCENE

The Water Company Catches It, and the City Councils of the City are Paid.

The faces of Messrs. Snyder, Volkmar and Link were not visible at the Council Chamber last night.

The report of the Street Commissioner was referred, and the reports for the weeks ending, October 23 and 30, amounting respectively to \$58.25 and \$47.00 were ordered to be properly entered.

At this point Mr. Leighley thought he understood how to turn out an electric light which was too bright for comfort and he tried it. But he hit upon the wrong combination. There was a hiss and a splutter, and while forked lightning darted here and there, a ghastly green light shed its rays over the assemblage. With a hop, skip and jump, Clerk White reached a distant corner the faces of all present, except the reporters, blanched with fear, until finally the lamp resumed its normal condition Mr. Leighley who had stood paralyzed with a pole in his hand, sat down, and the mill again began to grind.

Mr. Williams spoke of the wretched condition of the streets, wherever the Water Company had laid its hands.

Mr. Leighley echoed Mr. Williams, and read that part of the contract, referring to the manner in which the streets should be treated. The contract states very clearly that the streets are to be returned to their original condition, by having the earth returned to the ditches and stamped. The speaker thought that the current lectures given by the committee to Engineer Delafield did no good, but passed from his thoughts like water from a duck's back. He spoke of the company's scraping the streets level without packing the earth.

Mr. Oehler moved that the Clerk be instructed to write to Mr. Morris on, personally, to see if he intends to keep his verbal pledge to run a four inch pipe to the cemetery tree instead of charging all rates as the Company now desires. Carried.

The Water Company was soundly berated for its exasperating actions on all sides, and in a storm of wrath, the council adjourned for two weeks.

BILLS PAID.

D. Atwater & Son	\$ 52.61
Z. T. Baltzly	6.50
Skinner & Weirich	25.00
S. A. Conrad & Co	412.26
L. Limbach	835.51
G. Spiegel	58.85
Massillon Schuyler Electric Light Company	134.55
W. H. Crooks	5.75

BILLS REFERRED.

A. Crone	15.00
J. J. Hoover	19.00
P. H. Young	27.00
Vigilant Fire Co.	28.00
Telephone Co	10.00
Fire Co. No.	8.10

ANOTHER LIBRARY.

"A Reader" tells of one in Elyria.

Mr. Editor:—The Massillon people could often visit Elyria. It is a thought that has occurred to the writer a number of times, but as it lies off our direct route to Cleveland, and as there is but little business intercourse between the two places, comparatively few of us have had that pleasure. For the benefit of any who may chance to pay Elyria a visit, I would recommend not to take the "bus" from the C. L. & W. depot but walk by the Lake Shore track, and take the carriage road before fully reaching the narrow but romantic valley of the west branch of Black River, passing up into the town over clean sidewalks, by well kept yards and pleasant homesteads, the business and central portion of the place is reached, when will be seen a handsomely laid out square, well set in grass, with pleasant walks, adorned with trees, groups of flowers, an elegant fountain, seats to rest upon and enjoy the lovely surroundings. Within the enclosure rises a fine Court House, while beyond the streets which surround the four sides of the square, are churches, business blocks, the Beebe House and private residences. Still further on in various directions, may be seen lawns, grounds and groves of trees, in the midst of which rise private residences which are models of comfort and elegance. But it is not so much the pleasant little city of Elyria and her pleasant people that we have in view, as their very useful, complete and growing library.

This library was established by Mr. Charles Arthur Ely, who died in 1861. By his will he gave a three story brick building with the lot on which it stands, \$10,000 in money for a permanent fund and \$5,000 to start the library with. The first floor of the building is occupied by a bank; the second and third stories are thrown into one lofty room, encircled by a gallery, the sides being occupied by alcoves for books, each of which contain those of a certain class. For one dollar an individual is entitled to the use of library books one year, with the privilege of retaining one book at a time, two weeks, with a fine of five cents per day for each day it is retained over the two weeks; for three dollars per year five books can be held out of the library at a time.

The proceeds from the loan of books together with the fines, are used to pay the salaries of the librarian and janitor, which they about do. The interest accruing from the \$10,000, together with the rental of the lower rooms, is annually invested in books and works of art

or the library to the amount of from \$500 to \$1,000.

In 1870 it was burned, re-established in 1874 and now contains from 8,000 to 9,000 volumes, and of course increasing from year to year. It is not only patronized by town people, but by people from the farms for miles around; and being located in a central business part of the city, forms a pleasant resort where people meet for a common purpose.

Thus, by an enlightened liberality, Mr. Ely has not only erected an impressive and enduring monument for himself, but like our good old Charity Rotten, has proved his life to have been a blessing to his kind and entitled to gratitude of this, and generations yet to come.

THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS.

As Seen by an Ohio Woman's Eyes.

A former young lady of Massillon writes a pleasant letter to the editor in which she says:

AUSTIN, TEX., Nov. 6, 1886.

It is with pleasure that I anticipate the weekly receipt of the "INDEPENDENT." Home papers are always friends, especially, with those who are absent. I have been a resident of the South over a year. My first impression was not a complimentary one, but acquaintance has a great deal to do with one's likes and dislikes of a place.

Austin, the capital of Texas, has a population of 25,000. The city was named after Stephen F. Austin. It is situated on the north bank of the Colorado river, with a gradual rise until you reach the plains beyond, with its ravines and hills. It is one of the most delightful places where man could wish to "pitch his tent." From the hill top in the city and its surrounding ones, there is grand scenery.

Over the river spans an ornamental, as well as, a substantial bridge, which has recently been bought by the county at the cost of \$73,000, and the I. & G. N. railroad company's bridge across the same river cost six times as much.

On the south side of the river is Fairview Park, which will some time in the future, be the home of those citizens, who prefer retirement. The Park has many advantages. An omnibus line is run from the Court House to the Park. All in all, with its many walks and drives, the river with boating facilities, and trees covered with hanging festoons of moss, it is indeed a place that one would choose for rest.

Austin has three asylums for the afflicted: The Blind, Deaf and Dumb, and Lunatic. It has many business and many public buildings, which are an advantage to her.

The capitol will be built of Texas granite, and when completed will be one of the finest in the world, and second in size in the United States. The Court House, Postoffice and Driskill's Hotel, are also marks of excellent workmanship. The State University is quite an attractive building occupying a prominent site in the northern part of the city.

Although not a manufacturing city, Austin has three ice factories, a cotton compress, two gas houses, a water works company which supplies the city with an abundance of water.

Comparatively speaking the climate is mild all through the year. We have now and then a "norther" during the winter season but they only serve to purify the air sphere. At present the trees are green and roses are in bloom.

Cotton and corn will not be an average this year. Corn sells at 65 cents per bushel; cotton at 12 1/2 and the very best at 8 cents per pound.

With the best wishes for your paper, I am, respectfully,

F. A. H.

Killed by the Cars.

On Tuesday night, the dead body of Larry O'Toole, was found on the C. L. & W. railroad track. The watch, which had a big dent on the side, pointed to 5:45 at which moment he was probably hit by the train. His head, legs and arms were severed from the trunk and everything pointed to a frightful death.

Larry O'Toole was the well known section boss of the Massillon and Cleveland railway. It is the old and simple story. He was paid off the night before, he got drunk, and fell asleep on the track. He leaves a wife and family. He was not an ordinary drinking man and such occurrences were unusual. Justice Rogers held the inquest.

Mr. W. M. Morlan is in Canada, and he considers it good policy to remain there. Mr. Morlan was the agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in this city, and fell into the dangerous habit of giving his personal receipt for money collected. Mr. Morlan got so far behind in his accounts, and so far ahead in his pocket, that he determined to leave. The amount which Mr. Morlan secured is unknown.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shephard, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at 50c a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Z. T. Baltzly.

The OLD RELIABLE

Jewelry Store,

COLEMAN'S!

The latest styles lowest prices.

The Cheshire Watch \$6.00.

OUR STOCK OF

Watches includes the fine Howard.

DIAMONDS,

SILVERWARE,

Musical Instruments, Etc.,

Cannot be equaled in the city. Glass shades in all sizes. Optical goods and spectacles of all kinds. Repairing in all branches of the trade. All work warranted.

COLEMAN'S,

5 Erie Street, - MASSILLON, O.

NEW STORE!

'The Rialto'

will open Saturday, November 6th, with a full line of French Confections, Caramels, Chocolates of all kinds, Bon-Bons, Fruit Candies, Iced Apricots, etc., etc.

M. A. SCHWEETERS,

(In Hotel Concord)

N. Mill St., - MASSILLON, O.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Published Monthly With Illustrations. First Number Ready Dec. 15th.

Scriven's Magazine will be in the widest sense a magazine of general literature, and each number will be fully illustrated.

Some of the most notable papers to appear during the first year are a series of Unpublished Letters of Thackeray of very great autobiographical value; ex-Minister E. B. Washburne's Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris; Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris, Minister to France at the close of the last century (giving descriptions of social life and characters at that time) a collection of contemporary letters describing Early New York and New England Society.

There is much excellent fiction, including a serial by Harold Frederic; stories extending through several numbers by H. C.unner, J. S. of Dale, and others; and short stories by R. L. Stevenson, Joel Chandler Harris, T. A. Janvier, Miss Jewett, Octave Thanet, H. H. Boyesen, Miss Crosby and a host of others.

Notable special papers to be published very early are General F. A. Walker's on Socialism; Dr. William Hayes Ward's on Babylonian Cylinders; Mr. John C. Ropes' on the Portraits of Caesar; Captain Greene's on Coast Defence, etc., etc.

Scriven's Magazine will be published at \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents a copy. Subscriptions may be sent to any newsdealer or bookseller, or to Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

Only a Step.

When catarrh has progressed to a certain extent, it is only a step to that terribly fatal disease, consumption. If you have catarrh, even slightly, it is a terrible mistake to allow it to continue its course unchecked. If you will only read, you will find conclusive reasons why you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, in the statements of many people who have been completely cured of this disease in its most severe forms. Send for book containing abundant evidence, to C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly dangerous disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The usual treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of desperate patients can testify. On this point a trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but many, if not most of their remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure certainly cannot be expected from anually, powders, douches, and washes." Hood's Catarrh Remedy is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

STRAYED—COW. A suitable reward will be paid for the return of a cow which strayed from my barn Oct. 17th. She is of medium size, red and white, part Jersey.

Mrs. J. M. JARVIS.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Thurs, Fri & Saturday

NIGHTS,

November 18, 19 and 20.

TRUE BLUE

—OR—

Brother against Brother

A Military Drama Presented by

The Sons and Daughters of

VETERANS.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

them head and eyes to the right!"

Trouble loomed up mountainously as he approached the line. Putting a company into its place on parade is one of the crucial tests of tactical proficiency. To march a company to exactly the right spot, with every man keeping his proper distance from his leader—"twenty-eight inches from back to breast," clear down the column, so that when the order "front" is given every one turns, as if on a pivot, and touches elbows with those on each side of him, in a straight, firm wall of men, without any shuffling or "using up," or "side-stepping" to the right or left—to do all this at word of command looks very simple and easy to the non-military spectator, as many of our very different things look simple and easy to the experienced. But really it is only possible to a thoroughly drilled company, held well in hand by a competent commander. It is something that, if done well, is simply done well, but if not done well, is very bad. It is like an egg that is either good or utterly worthless.

Pancake seemed fated to exhaust the category of possible mistakes. Coming on the ground late he found that a gap had been left in the line for his company which was only barely sufficient to receive it when it was aligned and compactly dressed.

In his nervousness he halted the company before it had reached the right of the gap, and then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned and walked back to the left. Even this was done with an unsightly jumble. His confusion as to the reversal of right and left still abode with him. He commanded "right face," instead of "front," and was amazed to see the whole one hundred well drilled men whirl their backs around to the regiment and the commanding officer. A laugh rippled down the ranks of the other companies; even the spectators smiled, and something soundly, like swearing by the adjutant and sergeant major.

Pancake lifted his plumed hat, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with the back of one of his yellow gauntlets. "Order 'an about face,'" whispered the orderly sergeant, whose face was burning with shame at the awkward position in which the company found itself.

"About—face!" gasped Pancake. The men turned on their heels.

"Side-step to the right," whispered the orderly.

"Side-step to the right," repeated Pancake, mechanically.

The men took short side-steps, and following the orders which Pancake repeated from the whispered suggestions of the orderly, the company came clumsily forward into its place, "dressed," and "opened ranks to the rear." When at the command of "parade rest," Pancake dropped his sabre's point to the ground; he did it with the crushed feeling of a strutting cock which had been flung into the pond and emerges with dripping feathers.

To raised his heart in sincere thanksgiving that he was at last through, for there was nothing more for him to do during the parade, except to stand still, and at its conclusion the orderly would have to march the company back to its quarters.

But his woes had still another chapter. The inspector general had come up to camp to inspect the regiment, and he was on the ground.

Forty years of service in the regular army with promotion average of one grade every ten years, making him an old man and a grandfather before he was a lieutenant colonel, had so much changed Col. Murkham's nature with bitterness as to make even the very air in his vicinity seem roughly asstringent.

The wicked young lieutenants who served with him on the plains used to say that his bark was worse than his bite, because no reasonable bite could ever be so bad as his bark. They even suggested calling him "Fervent bark," because a visit to his quarters was worse than a strong dose of quinine.

"Yeth, that'd be good," said the lisping wit of the crowd. "Evelly bite ith a bit, ain't it? And the worlth moubt be a bitter, eth he th."

The colonel believed that the whole duty of man consisted in loving the army regulations and in keeping their commandments. The best part of all virtue was to observe them to the letter; the most abhorrent form of vice to violate or disregard even their minor precepts.

His feelings were continually lacerated by contact with volunteers, who cared next to nothing for the *form* of war making, but everything for its spirit, and the martial heart within him was bruised and sore when he came upon the ground to inspect the regiment.

Pancake's blundering in bringing the company into line awakened this ire from a passively to activity.

"I'll have that dunderhead's shoulder strays off inside of a fortnight," he muttered between his teeth.

The unhappy lieutenant's inability to even stand properly during the parade or repeat an order intensified his rage. When the parade was dismissed the officers, as usual, sheathed their swords and, forming a line with the adjutant in the center, marched forward to the commanding and inspecting officers and saluted. Then the wrath of the old inspector became vociferous.

"What in God's name," he roared, fixing his glance upon Pancake so unmistakably that even the latter's rainbow-clad girls, who had crowded up closely, could not make a mistake as to the victim of the epithets. "What in God's name, sir," repeated the old fellow, with purpling face, "do you mean by bringing your company on to the ground in that absurd way, sir? Did you think, sir, that it was a hot of brick—with which I have no doubt you are most familiar—that you could dump down any place and any how, sir? Such misconduct is simply disgraceful, sir. I'd have you know. Simply disgraceful, sir."

He paused for breath, but Pancake had no word of defense to offer.

"And what do you mean, sir?" resumed the inspector, after inflating his lungs for another gust; "what in the name of all the pious clowns that ever jiggered around on sawdust, do you mean by coming on parade dressed like the ringmaster of a traveling monkey show, sir? Haven't you any more idea of the honor of wearing a United States sword—the noblest weapon on earth, sir—than to make yourself look like the drum major of a band of nigger minstrels, sir? Yes, sir; the drum major of a band of nigger minstrels, sir. A United States officer ought to be ashamed to make a damned burlesque of himself, sir. I'd have you to understand that most distinctly, sir."

The inspector's stock of breath, alas! was not so ample as in the far-off days when his sturdy shoulders bore the modest single bar, instead of the proud spread eagle of the present. Even had it been, the explosive energy of his speech would have speedily exhausted it. Compelled to stop to pump in a fresh supply, the colonel of the regiment took advantage of the pause to whisper in his ear:

"Don't be too rough on him, please. He's a good man, but green. Promoted from the ranks for courage in action. First appearance on parade. He'll do better if given a chance."

The inspector's anger was mollified. Addressing himself to all the officers, he continued in a milder tone:

"Gentlemen, you seem to be making progress in acquiring a knowledge of your duties, though you have a world of things yet to learn. I shall say so in my report to the general. You can go to your quarters."

The line of officers dissolved, and the spectators began to melt away. Pancake's assurance rose buoyantly the moment that the pressure was removed. He raised his eyes from the ground, and looked for the young ladies. They had turned their backs and were leaving the ground. He hastened after them, fabricating, as he walked, an explanation, based on personal jealousy, of the inspector's treatment of him. He was within a step of overtaking them, when he heard one say, with toss of flaunting ribbons and boyish giggle:

"Did you ever see anybody wilt as Pancake did when old Bute-You-Head-Off-You-Minute was jailing him? It was so awfully funny that I just thought I should die."

The sentence ended with the picturesque rapid crescendo employed by maidens of her type in describing a convulsive experience.

"Just didn't die," joked in another. "I never saw anything so funny in all my born days. I was afraid to look at either one of you; I knew if I did I would burst right out laughing. I couldn't help it—I knew I couldn't, if I'd known I'd died the next minute."

"This would seem to be a pretty good time to drop the fellow," added the third girl reflectively.

Pancake turned and went in another direction. At the 9 o'clock roll call he informed the company that the inspector was well pleased with its appearance on parade.

(To be continued.)

THE PANAMA CANAL.

A COUNTRY IN WHICH DEATH HAS BECOME COMMONPLACE.

Frightful Mortality Among the Community at Colon—Advice of the Physicians—The Only Safe Course—A Peculiar Form of Fever.

A certain grim fascination attaches to the idea of a community in which death has become commonplace. A man who establishes himself in Colon or Panama, or who undertakes to spend any considerable time on the line, knows that the average mortality around him is something frightful. He knows of specific cases in which the statistics of a small number of lives have been such as to indicate certain death as his portion. He knows that within the last few months the death rate among the chief residents of the canal company has been more than 85 per cent, a mortality which if extended to all cases of the community would exterminate every man, woman and child on the isthmus in six months. He knows, perhaps, that on the 1st of last October thirty Italians arrived at Colon under agreement to serve the Socie des Travaux Publiques. He knows that of these twenty-nine were in perfect health and robust condition, and the remaining one only suffering from debility caused by excessive sea sickness; that they were at once sent to the Enterprise d'Emperador, where they were excellently housed and had every advantage of medical attendance; that on the 23d of the same month only five of them survived—a death rate which, if it were universal, would depopulate the earth in less than a month.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

He knows, it is true, of one man who lived on the isthmus nineteen years, and who is still in good health. But he knows, too, of men who have lived here for ten and fifteen years, and then died after only four or five days' illness. All this is perplexing. But no is the more perplexed when he steps to consider that in the instance of the five chief officials out of six, and the twenty-five Italian for men out of thirty, the mortality was not from a contagion, was not even from a uniform infection. One man died of a common remittent malaria fever, another of the most virulent type of yellow fever, and a third of a bilious fever of an indistinct character, a fourth of acute Bright's disease following a successfully resisted case of yellow fever. He knows that he ought not to drink heavily. But he discovers that the climate superinduces an intolerable lassitude which nothing but frequent stimulants seem to relieve.

One physician prescribes to him a regimen which is thoroughly impracticable, tells him to avoid the hot sun, the sudden showers, the poisonous air of the night and early morning. Another physician suggests his shoulders and says: "My dear fellow, dress, eat, drink, live, just as you did at home, and don't worry. None of us know anything about the predisposing conditions of these fevers. But we are not all of us candid enough to say so. But, above all, don't worry." There would be some comfort in this last genial counsel if it were not interrupted by the arrival of a messenger to inform the doctor that such and such a man has been taken ill, that another is dying, and a third just dead.

The plain truth is the only safe course for a man on the isthmus to pursue is to leave the isthmus immediately, and even then he may, for all that he knows, carry with him the embryo of a fatal illness which may not develop itself for weeks and even months. If ever a country seemed to have incurred the displeasure of Divine Providence, that country is the isthmus of Panama.

PECULIAR FORM OF FEVER.

Special interest attaches to a peculiar form of septic malarial fever occasionally met with in Panama and Colon. This fever has but recently been recognized by the official physicians, and no description of it has yet been published, either in medical journals or otherwise. It is known among the physicians as Bettelheim's fever. It is of a continuous type, does not partake of the characteristics of either typhoid or yellow fever, and yet is not amenable to the quinine treatment. Its course is very much that of typhoid, but post mortem examinations fail to show the characteristic typhoid lesions.

From a pathological point of view it is to be regretted that the religious tenets dominant among the foreign residents in Panama make it impossible to perform autopsies except in some isolated cases. And it is owing to this circumstance that the fever in question was not long since described and discussed in the literature of the epidemiology. The post mortem examinations have now, however, aggregated sufficiently to place beyond dispute the fact that the fever is clearly distinct from typhoid. Its traces are cerebral congestion, gastric and enteric hemorrhagic effusions, and in general the appearances consequent upon death from common malaria. Most of the cases occur among well-to-do residents of Panama.—Colon Cor. New York Tribune.

Not an Art Critic.

Meissonier was recently asked by a visitor for his opinion on the tendencies of modern art. "Art?" he replied. "I don't know anything about art. I am not an art critic."—Exchange.

SOME INDOOR VIEWS.

AT WASHINGTON OBTAINED BY THE INSTANTANEOUS METHOD.

Trying to Get Audience with the President's Private Secretary—Col. Lamont's Swell Usher—Interesting Sight Seen by Artistic Eyes.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—"Want to see the colonel?" He is engaged and very busy; don't think he can see you this morning—"Very well, just give him this card and he will." This short dialogue took place in one of the waiting rooms at the White House a few days ago, between a slight, unobtrusive, rather timid looking gentleman and a portly, well-to-do more rightly stated, overfed—and somewhat overbearing negro, Arthur Simons, usher to Col. Lamont.

Compelled to submit to another careful scrutiny from top to toe, the applicant for audience is condensedly told to take a seat in the general waiting room, where he finds he is not solitary in his request. Although but 10

hours of opening the building to the public—there are already more than a score of people waiting to lay their wants and wishes before the great private secretary, with perhaps a lingering hope of being ultimately admitted to the president. The electric bell sounds with a whirr and a whiz. All eyes are directed to the light, swinging screen door. Through the small aperture the dusky finger of the fat negro commandingly beckons, and a fine looking, gray headed gentleman, whose appearance pronounces him a man of high social standing, jumps from his seat with the agility of a young steer, and, bowing as if grateful to the negro, is admitted to the office of the P. S.

Who is this just coming up the few steps leading from the hall into the waiting room? A man well knowing his own worth, the corners of his pointed, waxed mustache turned up somewhat defiantly, the sharp, piercing eyes looking with a sort of humorous twinkling from underneath a well shaped forehead, fearlessly into the world. On entering the room he carelessly pushes back the thick, curly hair, already somewhat streaked with gray. A finely proportioned, manly figure, dressed scrupulously, yet without any sign of dandyism, in finest black broadcloth, the patent leather boots covering a rather aristocratic foot. Such is the face and figure, once seen always remembered, of Joseph Keppler, of New York. Seated, and dropping negligently his card into his high silk hat, he is shown, with exceptional promptitude and courtesy, by Arthur Simons to the library,

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used by the president for his private office. Keppler is well known at the White House, and a great personal friend of the president. The sketch block and tin water color box under his arm are proof that he is here on business. Yes, the delineator of the tattooed man is a great power, and has to be handled with kid gloves.

"If the colonel can't see me this morning I shall wait no longer. Did you hand him my card?"

"Let me see what was your name?"

"Helios."

"Yes, walk right into the colonel's office and take a seat. He will be there directly."

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right and left in recognizing familiar faces. What a capital listener and what a guarded and careful speaker is this all powerful secretary!

It was just a glimpse I obtained, but quite long enough for an instantaneous exposure, securing a picture of Grover Cleveland at his desk. The library is an elliptical room in the second story, above and of the same dimensions as the blue room; it is not only the most pleasantly situated apartment, but bears in contrast to the others a look of comfortable grandeur, although its decorations, furniture and fixtures are, with the exception of a really magnificent chandelier, by no means fitting its size and character. This is indeed a fine room and the view from its windows charming, the massive pillars supporting the roof of the veranda in front of them forming a frame for this beautiful picture. Far in the distance the blue hills of Virginia, the broad, smooth, winding stream of the Potomac as a middle distance, and seemingly rising out of its waters that unique and grand structure, the Washington monument, losing its point in the fleecy clouds; the beautifully kept park surrounding the executive mansion forming the foreground.

The selection of this room for his office speaks well for the good taste of the president, and here behind a massive, elegant oak desk, in an immense cane-bottomed chair of bent wood, busily engaged in the careful study of documents awaiting his veto or approving signatures, receiving cabinet ministers, senators, representatives and other high officials, civil and military, the president of the United States passes the greater part of the day. Bending down just as the instrument caught him, perusing a letter held in his left hand, through immense tor-

toise shell framed "grandfather's spectacles," with lenses about the size of an old sun or lantern, on his lips a fragrant Havana, first in a small rubber holder, several of which might be seen upon the large inkstand before him. Amos, catching the eye of the visitor, on the left of the president on the upper corner of the spacious desk are quite a number of autographs of all sizes and coverings, awaiting the great man's autograph.

JULIUS HELIOS.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The New York Journalist Who Has Been Made a Congressman.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Nov. 15.—Amos J. Cummings is one of the few hard working newspaper men of this city who have become known outside of the office where they work. The system of not permitting writers to sign their names to articles, which prevails here, gives but small chance for acquiring fame. Mr. Cummings has been elected to represent the Sixth district in congress. As a boy he worked in that district, graduated from it a journeyman printer and there enlisted as a volunteer in 1862, and for over a quarter of a century has lived there.

He was born in Conkling, Broome county, in 1842. His father and grandfather were carpenters. In addition to his military duties his father edited and published the only paper in Irvington, The Irish Man Messenger and Herald.

Amos entered his father's printing office when 12 years old as a compositor and has worked at the case in nearly every state in the Union. He left a situation as compositor on The Tribune to go to the front with the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers, and fought in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and distinguished himself at the charge of St. Mary's heights by saving a cannon at the immediate risk of his life. He was mentioned for gallantry in the official report of Col. Matthews. He returned from the war with the rank of sergeant major and went to work at the case in The Tribune office, afterward becoming night editor and city editor of that paper.

He left The Tribune to fill a more remunerative position on The Sun, where he has since remained as one of the prominent figures in the editorial force. He is a forceful writer, an accurate observer, a ready and witty speaker and a pleasing talker. He has ability as a musician, too, and takes up the violin, guitar and banjo with the touch of one who knows how to get the best out of them.

Mr. Cummings was with Walker at Nicaragua, and was one of those captured by Commodore Davis on the Quaker City. He is now president of the New York Press club, and generally very much liked by those who know him. In his speech accepting the nomination he said: "Workmen will know where to find my vote on questions in which they are interested. Capital, however, has its rights as well as labor, and neither should be jeopardized by hasty legislation." Mr. Cummings is a fine looking man, of easy and dignified address, who will ably represent his constituents.

One of the interesting incidents in Mr. Cummings' active career is his participation in the defense of The Tribune of this city in the draft riots. He came here on his return from the war, and on the day of the draft riots, July 13, 1863, he went down to The Tribune building to see some of his old friends. His brother Charles, also a returned soldier, was with him. They found the building surrounded by angry men and the employees in abject terror. Amos was induced to act as a substitute for one of the compositors, who was too scared to stay. He accepted \$10 for the night's work, and his brother Charles "subbed" for another compositor for \$30. Only four men stayed at their cases. They were Amos and Charles and Sylvester Bailey and Peter Hackett. The crowd outside constantly increased in proportions and became turbulent. Finally the infuriated rioters sacked the office and set fire to the furniture. Amos and his comrades barricaded the composing room door with heavy "turtles," or curved forms, and stood ready to fight. Amos had a revolver and the others armed themselves with such material as they could find. Captain Thomas came with a squad of police just in time to prevent hostilities, and cleared the square by breaking a few heads. The Tribune office was then supplied with bombshells to use in case another crowd attacked it, but no further demonstration was made.

M. E.

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He left The Tribune to fill a more remunerative position on The Sun, where he has since remained as one of the prominent figures in the editorial force. He is a forceful writer, an accurate observer, a ready and witty speaker and a pleasing talker. He has ability as a musician, too, and takes up the violin, guitar and banjo with the touch of one who knows how to get the best out of them.

Mr. Cummings was with Walker at Nicaragua, and was one of those captured by Commodore Davis on the Quaker City. He is now president of the New York Press club, and generally very much liked by those who know him. In his speech accepting the nomination he said: "Workmen will know where to find my vote on questions in which they are interested. Capital, however, has its rights as well as labor, and neither should be jeopardized by hasty legislation." Mr. Cummings is a fine looking man, of easy and dignified address, who will ably represent his constituents.

One of the interesting incidents in Mr. Cummings' active career is his participation in the defense of The Tribune of this city in the draft riots. He came here on his return from the war, and on the day of the draft riots, July 13, 1863, he went down to The Tribune building to see some of his old friends. His brother Charles, also a returned soldier, was with him. They found the building surrounded by angry men and the employees in abject terror. Amos was induced to act as a substitute for one of the compositors, who was too scared to stay. He accepted \$10 for the night's work, and his brother Charles "subbed" for another compositor for \$30. Only four men stayed at their cases. They were Amos and Charles and Sylvester Bailey and Peter Hackett. The crowd outside constantly increased in proportions and became turbulent. Finally the infuriated rioters sacked the office and set fire to the furniture. Amos and his comrades barricaded the composing room door with heavy "turtles," or curved forms, and stood ready to fight. Amos had a revolver and the others armed themselves with such material as they could find. Captain Thomas came with a squad of police just in time to prevent hostilities, and cleared the square by breaking a few heads. The Tribune office was then supplied with bombshells to use in case another crowd attacked it, but no further demonstration was made.

M. E.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The New York Journalist Who Has Been Made a Congressman.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Nov. 15.—Amos J. Cummings is one of the few hard working newspaper men of this city who have become known outside of the office where they work. The system of not permitting writers to sign their names to articles, which prevails here, gives but small chance for acquiring fame. Mr. Cummings has been elected to represent the Sixth district in congress. As a boy he worked in that district, graduated from it a journeyman printer and there enlisted as a volunteer in 1862, and for over a quarter of a century has lived there.

He was born in Conkling, Broome county, in 1842. His father and grandfather were carpenters. In addition to his military duties his father edited and published the only paper in Irvington, The Irish Man Messenger and Herald.

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